

# COME ON IN, MISS SPRINGTIME

  
\* Song \*

THE WORDS BY

FRANK L. STANTON



The Music by

EDWARD E. MENGES

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PRICE 50 CENTS

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*To Miss Edna J. Dueber*

# Come On In, Miss Springtime.

Poem by  
FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by  
EDWARD E. MENGES.

*Allegretto scherzando*

*mf sempre leggiero.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, featuring a light and playful melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The music is marked *mf sempre leggiero*.

*Brightly. a tempo*

Come on in, Miss Spring-time! 'Been

*rall. p p*

The vocal entry is marked *Brightly. a tempo*. The piano accompaniment begins with a *rall.* (rallentando) and then returns to the original tempo, marked *p* (piano).

wait - in' for you long; Since Win - ter's been a -

*poco f*

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics "wait - in' for you long; Since Win - ter's been a -". The piano accompaniment is marked *poco f* (poco fortissimo).



*rall.*

storm-in' 'round We need a soft-er song, There's

8

*rall.*

*poco accel.* *rall.*

not a wind that blows but knows We've wait-ed for you long.

8

*poco accel.* *rall.* *quasi arpeggiando*

*p a tempo* *Allargando*

Come on in, Miss Spring-time! We're glad when Win-ter's gone! A

*p a tempo* *L.H.* *Allargando* *fz*



*Tempo primo*

wel - come to Miss Spring - time, When soft - er bree - zes

*Tempo primo p  
delicato*

*languido*

blow; We wea - ry for a path - way to

*slowly*

*ben sostenuto*

*a tempo  
leggiero*

where the rós - es grow; Just hide be - neath your

*leggiero*



*rall.*

blos - - - soms, Gray Win - ter's hills of snow; A

*rall.*

*quasi arpeggio*

*a tempo* (slowly) *Allargando*

wel - come to Miss Spring - time, We love your com - ing

*a tempo staccato* *p* *Allargando ten.*

so. \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo* *R. H. 11* *L. H.* *R. H. 8* *f* *fz*

*Brillante*



# THEMATIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAVORITE SONGS.

Twilight.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

*Moderato.*  
When twi-light steals up-on thy life and mine, And far beyond the hills the sun sets red, When lit-tle birds their songs have hushed,  
*simile.*  
*p* *melodia marcato.*  
50 cts.

I Love But Thee.

F. FISCHER.

*Innig.*  
What change is this come o-ver me As of un-rest so strangely blend-ed Since from his lips the words I com-pre-hend-ed  
Wie so ver-wan-delt fühl ich mich Welch ei-ne Lust ist ü-ber mich ge-kom-men Seit ich das süs-se Wort von ihm vernommen  
*pp*  
*colla voce*  
50 cts.

Rainbows.

BLANCHE CUSHING.

*Moderato.*  
The clouds came up on a sum-mer day, And cov-ered a clear blue sky: They hid the face of the  
The clouds come up when our life is bright, And cov-er the sun a-way, And the heart grows chill in the  
*pp*  
*cresc.*  
50 cts.

Prayer.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

*Andante molto.*  
If there be some weak-er one, Give me strength to help him on; If a blinder soul there be Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
*p*  
*cresc.*  
50 cts.

Whose Little Baby?

E. R. KROEGER.

Whose lit-tle ba-by is tossed so high? "Sweetest lit-tle one un-der the skyl!" His father declares; and the rea-son why? "He's pa-pa's lit-tle own ba-by."  
*cresc.*  
*cresc.*  
*p*  
50 cts.

Ashes.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

We found the gate to Fol-ly's es-tate on a day of long a-go And the hours were sweet and the  
*p*  
50 cts.

My Love.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

*Andante.*  
I send a mes-sage by the rose, It says, "Thou breathing grace, Thy mo-dest vir-tue like this flow'r, Spreads  
*p*  
50 cts.

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